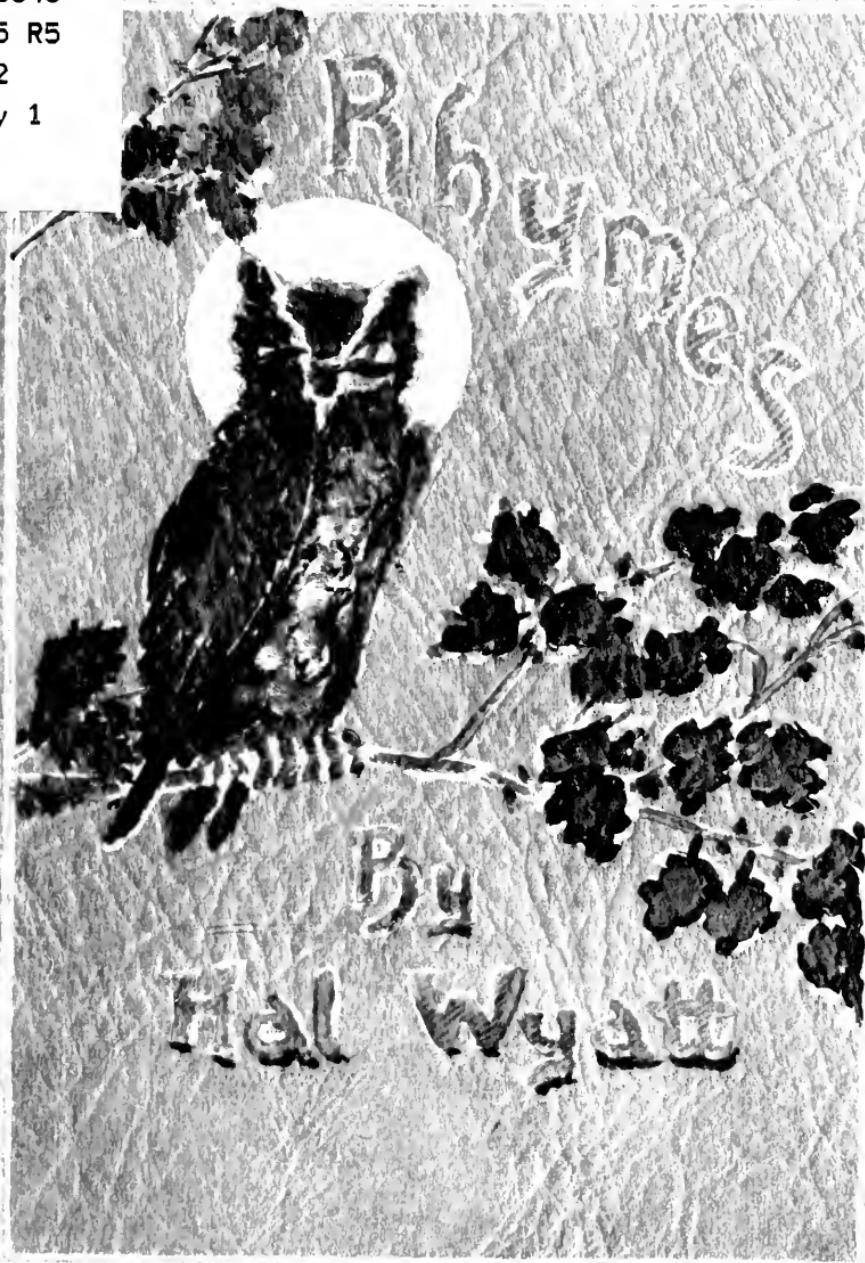


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R H Y M E S

BY HAL WYATT

DEDICATED TO MY MOTHER

ILLUSTRATED BY THE
AUTHOR

1922

HAL WYATT

1210 WEST THIRTY-SIXTH STREET

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

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1922

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THE ROLLING TIDE

The rolling tide of the sea of life
Rolls o'er the sands of time,
And bears through ocean's seething strife
 My fragile craft, sublime,
Its far most prow has lapped the shore
 And time holds out its hand,
One clasp and then the ocean's roar
 Draws back away from land.

O sea, of life from whence I came
 And where again I go,
I've been an instant, learned a Name
 And now the tide runs low,
Before I was I did not know
 Nor yet I understand,
And now the tide is running low
 And bearing me from land.

O bounding sea, canst tell thou me
That flows from whence I came,
What store there is for me at sea
Since I have learned a Name?
A Name that is and always was
And yet I did not know
Until an instant's consciousness
And now the tide runs low.

Will fresher tides bear me to land
A million times in time
Til consciousness will understand
In realms of thoughts sublime?
I've been in time and learned a Name
And now the chill winds blow,
My frail craft drifts from whence I came
As tides are running low.



THE PROMISE OF MORNING

There's a promise in the morning
When the grass is wet with dew,
When the first rays are adorning
Spear and twig with rainbow hue,
When the air is sweet and cooling
Blowing fragrance from the fields
And we know there's Someone ruling
With a promise of rich yields.

When the cows are early lowing
Seems as if they understood,
While the chanticleers shrill crowing
Just because they feel so good
Brings an answer to their calling
From their neighbors' joyous throats,
And the thrushes' notes a falling
Breathes a promise in the notes.

Notice how the gay grasshopper
In the fresh morn hops with glee,
There's no use to try to stop her
As her heart is gay and free,
And the jay upon the arbor
Bobs its head in sheer delight
Telling all that mornings harbor
Promises that live through night.



THE BLABBERS

THE BLABBERS

Just how the tale got out, I swan!
I'm sure I can't discover
But now its told for miles around
That I am Jane Brown's lover,
We both were pledged to secrecy
'Til I had won my spurs,
And the only way it 'pears to me
Is just what Jane avers,
We whispered it beneath the tree,
Who told it to the smart pee-wee,
Who must have blabbed it to the bee
And that old bungling, bumble bee
Has sung around 'bout Jane and me.

I know that tree, a tatling pine
Where I had carved Jane's name with mine
And deeply lined sweet Cupid's dart
Struck through the center of a heart,
We loved her aromatic breath
And both vowed love clear on through death
Beneath her branches' woven shade,
But now she's tattled, I'm afraid.
We only spoke it 'neath that tree,
She must have told that pert pee-wee,
That chatter-box blabbed to the bee,
(The lazy, droning bumble bee)
Who's sung around 'bout Jane and me.

Because I built a rustic seat
 Around the trunk of that pine tree,
Where every day I went to meet
 Dear Jane, who came to be with me,
I'm sure 'twould not cause folks to think
 That I loved Jane and she loved me
But when I pass I see them wink
 All on account of that pine tree.
O yes, the tree, told the pee-wee,
 Who couldn't wait to tell the bee,
(The driveling, blabbing bumble bee)
 And course he's blabbed 'bout Jane and me.



THE BIRTH OF THE FLOWERS

The ambrosial days have come with all their vernal throng
Attended by the choral hosts, that bathes the woods in
song,
The feathered deputation sing, "behold the birth of flowers,"
They're clinging to the breasts of earth in shady nooks
and bowers,
On tendril stem the violet, sways in the austral breeze,
While buttercups with golden smiles and softly toned
heartsease
Glow brightly like effulgent gems beneath the sap wet trees.

The thrush sings in the lilac bush whose globate buds have
burst,
While impeared dews, in lily cups, dissolve and quench
their thirst,
Sweetwilliams troop across the fields that lately lay impregn,
Whose breath the meadow larks descant in unified es-
teem,
The grasses green in emerald sheen have carpeted the lanes
And hedges run unbrageous lines across the heathered
plains,
While down the slopes the blue bell hosts trip in joyous
trains.

The sun beam wooes the dandelion and lives in her embrace,
The roguish little zephers kiss the wind flowers blush-
ing face,
Mother earth in sweet content, which maternal instincts
bring,
Basks in the joy of motherhood and nurses her offspring,
In euphonic notes the song birds sing, "the flowers are born
again,"
While through the reed harmonium, the wind plays
the refrain
And mellifluent streams murmur, "I'm glad they've come
again."



SING ME A SONG OF SIX-PENCE

O, sing me a song of six-pence
And pockets filled with rye,
But not of kings in opulence
When served to guilded pie.

Sing to me of humble homes
Where hearts are free from guile,
Where 'round the hearth a true love roams
And a smile is just a smile.

Where sympathy felt in the heart
Assuages pain of years,
And love in courtship has a part
And tears are honest tears.

I love the humble, homely theme
Of small things and their worth,
Of simple joys that gently teem
With simple homespun mirth.

The clasp of hands that honest work
Has browned with weary toil,
Brings pleasant thrills that always shirk
To thrill the hands of spoil.

O, not of guilded palaces
I would that you would sing,
But of humble homes with trellises,
Where honey suckle cling.

For songs of lowly six-pence
And pockets filled with rye,
Are sweeter far than opulence
When served to guilded pie.



WHAT'S THE USE OF WISHING ?

At times I git ter thinkin' 'bout the gals
With their soft skin and silky, fluffy curls,
And purty eyes that with their lips jest smile
Until my head gits giddy like and whirls,
And I wonder if there's any gal that lives
That could ever care a little bit for me
But, I've growed up so ugly that it gives
The shivers ter a gal for just ter see
An ugly, awkward, rawboned cuss like me.

I simply love ter hear the girls giggle
And cuttin' up and laughin' with each other,
Jest like kittens play around and wiggle
Unless they're with a chap, who aint their brother.
I'm jealous, though I haven't got no show
And sometimes feel like taking paw's old gun
When I see fellers with their gals and go
Out ter the barn and have my mis'ry done,
Caise yer jest as well be dead as have no fun.

It's mighty darned blamed funny in my case,
At night when I have milked and fed the calf
I oil my hair and slick my ugly face
And think of funny things ter make gals laugh,
But blame me, when I see them, I cain't talk,
Gee! I wish I could, but no use wishin'
O, well, I guess I'll git my lines and walk
Down to the creek and try a little fishin',
But gosh! I wish—but what's the use of wishin'?



I AIN'T NO MARRYIN' MAN

I AINT NO MARRYING MAN

It makes me plumb mad when I hears
Folks ax, "say Bill, why don't yer wed,
Yer gittin' long right smart in years

And the gray gits prominent on yer head?"
I don't go meddlin' with folks affairs,
That aint my style or aint my plan,
Jest let them harness up in pairs
As fer me, I aint no marrying man.

And I hears folks er tellin' 'round
That I'm too lazy ter sport a wife
And would rather loaf about their town
Or fish away my worthless life,
But let 'em rave, don't hurt me none,
A skillet, plate and dish and pan
Will take the place o' wimmen, son
And I simply aint no marrying man.

Fer instance, see this here houn' pup,
He allus shares my board and bed
And both us point blank won't git up
Until the sun is ripe and red,
Unless we're on er experdition
Then up so early me and Dan,
We wouldn't hev no fun in fishin'
Except I warn't no marrying man.

And it 'fects me cur'os ter be bossed,
I'd hate ter be in Duncan's shoes,
He's allus a gettin' double crossed
 And caint do nothin' that he choose,
Think he could smoke his cob in bed
 Like I do when I'm feelin' blue?
She'd yank his year right off his head
 And so would other wimmen too.

I sometimes think my frens are sore
 Caise I don't 'sume er lot of care
And 'nex er widder with three or four
 Ter make up fer my easy share;
Now I aint sot agin this matin',
 At times I think I'll try the plan
But give it up on close debatin'
 As I just warn't born no marrying man.



POOR LITTLE TEDDY BEAR

In a cubby hole beneath the stair
With a tear in his one beady eye,
Neglected he lie, a small teddy bear
With no one to hear his sad sigh.

The hair on his nose was bare and thin
Where sweet baby lips had been pressed
And one poor leg was hung by a pin,
O, he looked so very distressed.

And through a big gap, his sawdust heart
That was all leaking out on the floor,
Indicated it burst when he had to part
With one he had learned to adore.

Small arms were missed for many a day
And a voice would be heard never more,
Now midst a heap of rubbish he lay
In the dust of a cubby hole floor.

No one to wipe the tear from his eye,
No one to pity or care
No one to answer the broken heart sigh
Of the poor little, brown teddy bear.

REFLECTION

Beneath the drooping willow trees
 Reflected in the pool below,
Distinct, the shadows as the breeze
 Move bending branches to and fro.
The air was pure and strong with light
 While the shadows imaged clear and bright.

When lo! a sudden mist arose
 Obscuring all the things in view.
And less and less each image grows
 That had reflected clear and true.
Before the sun a mist arose
 The breeze becomes a wind that blows.

Just so, when thought is pure and clear,
 In the life pool of consciousness
We see the image without fear
 That cannot know the least duress.
But through the mist of mortal mind
 Truth's image can not be defined.



DER SILLY SCHAP

I know a man, a friendt of mine,
 Who vas a silly schap
 Und effer dime he goes ter ped
 He takes a liddle nap,
 Den ven der mornings rolled aroundt
 Und den der sun arose
 Dis silly schap; now vat you dinks?
 He pudts on all his clothes.

Aboudt a veek or two ago
 Or schust der day before,
 Because I dook his ofer coat
 Dis silly man got sore;
 He vas der queerest schap I know
 It almost makes me cry,
 I don't know how to dake dis man
 . . . No madder how I dry.

Vy schust last night he smash my nose
 Und almost dook my life
 Ven der only ding I effer done
 Vas schust ter kiss his wife
 It almost preaks my heart ter know
 So mean und queer a schap—
 Ven I haf let him lendt me coin
 A dozen times, perhaps—

Vell vat's der use,—I've been his friendt
 Der pest he effer hadt
 But schust der same, by yimminy!
 He sometimes gets me madt.

THERE IS NO TIME TO WEEP

Dry your eyes my tearful friend,
There is no time to weep,
Besides who cares that thoughts attend
To drive away your sleep?
When sickness creeps upon the mind
The love of friends is deaf and blind.

Self pity lives a lonesome life,
It strays not from its home,
No sorrow of another's strife
Will step within its gloam:
It only talks to self of grief
'Til self has grown in its belief.

But notice how a smile will flit
Between the hours of day
From one brave heart to go and sit
Where happy thoughts hold sway,
It barters love for joy in lieu
Of bitter thoughts that sadden you.

Grief and joy must live apart,
A smile knows not a tear,
The one is true born of the heart,
The other born of fear:
When sorrow speaks of woes that hurt
Why not to smiles and joys revert?

HOW SWEET ARE YOU?

Sweet is the maid, when sweet six-teen
With the tint in her cheeks of a rosebud's sheen
With the gold of the beam in wanton play
Splashing her hair with its gilded spray,
While soft lips quiver in fancied bliss
With the lover's thrill of a soul felt kiss.

But sweeter still than sweet six-teen
Of the mystic maid of youthful mein,
Is the ripened flower of thirty-two,
For as one six-teen is sweet 'tis true
That two six-teens are doubly fair
As twice the sweet lies in a pair.

And as the days leap into years
Fed with smiles and bathed in tears,
The sweet of a maid as the sweet of a flower
Grows fragrant more with the waning hour,
As the hint of a sweet or the trace of perfume
Possesses charms not in full bloom.

Even as petals fall from the rose
The scent of its breath more subtile grows,
As tresses streak with silvery gray
The sweetness of years is stored away,
Sweet six-teen is sweet 'tis true
But grows with time; how sweet are you?

TODAYS BUT YESTERDAYS

A seared leaf loosed its withered lips
From mother tree whose breasts were dry
And with many a flit and downward dips
Fell to dank earth there to die.

A day fell from my tree of life,
Whose growth new realms of time must find
And quietly dropped from teeming strife
Into the silence left behind.

But lo! upon that limb when seen
E're many days had twinkled by,
I marveled that the leaf now green
Waved at the bluebirds singing nigh.

While from the tree of life the flower,
That bloomed in thought of days of yore,
Glowed brightly in the present hour
And then I marveled more and more.

In ceaseless glide, do present days
Press in tomorrow's share of time
Or are we living yesterdays
Refreshed with God's process, sublime?

LIS'EN HONEY

Lis'en honey, doan yo' membah, what yo' tole me las'
Decembah
When de wind was jest er howlin' and the groun' was
white wid snow
Yo' said Sambo, wait 'til spring, when de lark am on de wing,
Wait 'til wintah's quit its growlin' and de soft souf wind
do blow.

Den yo' voice soun' lak de strummin'
Ob mah banjo when its hummin'
Tunes from heaben dat de angels sen',
While from yo' lips red lak de cherry
Came de words, "den us'll mary
In de spring wid de robbin and de wren."

Lis'en honey! heah dat singin'
Ob dat lark dat sits dar swingin'
Swayin' on a bough in de breeze,
See dat perky, saucy robbin
Dat from limb to limb am bobbin'
Huntin' fo' a homesite in de trees.
Feel dat soft wind from de souf'
Kiss yo' on de hair an' mouf',
It am time dat we was matin' wid de res',
Sprig am heah, de calves am sheddin'
Doan yo' see mah ahms outspreadin'
Jest to fold yo' clos agin mah breas'?

Down upon de smilin' riber,
Whar at night de moonbeams quiber,
I's a cabin dar beneath er 'simmon tree,
It am peepin' froo de vines
And all de time it pines
Fo' de day when yo' is comin' home wid me.



THE SONG OF CHRISTMAS BELLS

I sit in the purple gloaming of the dusk of Christmas eve
And listen to the toning of the bells that seem to leave
A strain of joy and sorrow in their wake of silvery peal
Bring tidings of the morrow with their notes of woe and
weal.

And from my darkened room I can see the dazzling glare
As street lamps pierce the gloom and passing faces
there,
And in whim of fancy's mind as a stately man goes by
I steal along behind as the man does homeward hie.

O, the loving hugs and pats as his children run to meet
And his wife takes coat and hat with a loving kiss to
greet
And the mistletoe and holly and the flowers and evergreen
With the rippling laughs so jolly, filled the room with
joyous sheen.

'Tis but the instant's fancy and the Christmas bells still ring,
Then my mind reverts again to the arc lights circling
fling
Of lights that pierce the shadows and draws from murky
night
The figure of a woman, wan and haggard in the light.

With feelings dread and dire I follow to her home,
But at times she seems to tire as she stumbles through
the gloam,
Tho' at last we reach her quarters, in the garret 'neath the
eaves,
With the broken panes and plaster and the holes filled
up with leaves.

On a pallet lies a cripple, worn and wasted with disease,
In the moonlights silver stipple is a child on bended
knees,
And I hear their flaccid voices blending in beseeching prayer
While the mother passes out to weep alone upon the
stair.

From this scene I quickly turn to forget its pain and grief
But the painful scene still burns through my mind in
sharp relief,
When kneeling 'gainst the churchsteps where the ivy's
clinging dead
I seem to see a figure with a halo 'bove His head.

And through the doors inside, throng a happy joyous crowd,
In their eyes are looks of pride, on their lips are words
of God,
But they do not see the figure, kneeling there with head
bowed low
As the halo 'bout His brow is not as bright as gowns
that glow.

'Tis but the fancy's story told in song of Christmas bell
 But there's sadness with the glory that the rays of
 cheer can't quell
As I hear it in the peals of the bells across the snow
 There's a sob bound in their sweetness as they're ring-
 ing soft and low.



A SISTER

I loved her but her pretty eyes
That looked me through with out a sign,
Said O, so plain that never sighs
Were in her heart to answers mine,
I did not ask to know her heart,
When eyes speak not of love's sweet gain
How could I bear to see the part
Of her dear lips in speaking pain ?

I checked the torrent of the word
That clammered for my love's appeal,
The answer to my heart was heard
Not through my ears but what I feel;
What use is there of added pain
When eyes speak not I love you too,
And listen to that sad refrain,
I'll be a sister dear, to you.



THE MATING CALL

It is all quite well to weave a spell
Of momentary bliss,
'Bout twig and vine and bees that pine
For rose buds honeyed kiss,
Yet after all, sweet nature's charms
But helps the hour that slips,
We'd give it all for woman's arms
And pressure of her lips.

The dance of rill, the song birds' trill
The lowing of the kine,
The gibbous moon, the winds that croon
And rock the baby pine,
All start the pulse in gladsome throb
And lights the inward eye
But what is that to hearts that sob
For answering lover's sigh ?

The man who lives and never gives
His dulcet ear to song,
That glad things pour the world o'er
Does merely shift along,
But who alone, must hear each tone
And hears no mating call,
How sad of him, God pity him !
He's never lived at all.

WHAT I LEARNED AT SCHOOL

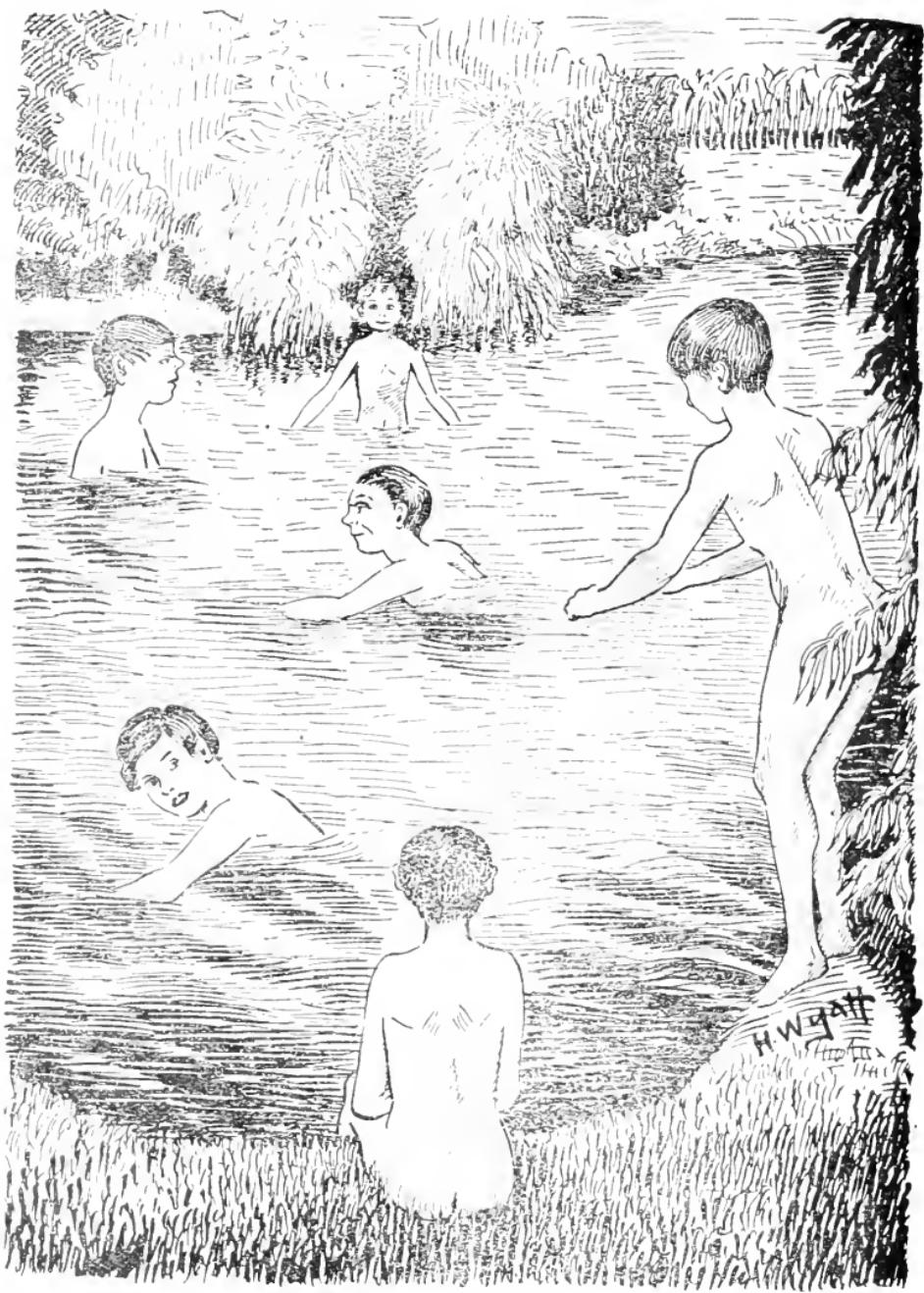
I hear my son oft' times complain
That schools are detrimental
And that his efforts wrought in pain
Are far from consequential,
'Tis then my mind to youth recurs
When I attended district school,
Of which sweet memory never blurs
But kindles fresh with pleasant fuel.

The hedge bound lane through which I walked
O'er grown with grass and daisy lined,
Taught me the notes of birds I mocked
And knowledge of the flowers defined,
While sometimes through unbrageous fields
I traversed on my way to school
I paused knee deep in bluebell yields
To peer within a placid pool.

And often times as I've confessed,
I sneaked from home my hook and line
To answer sunny hour's behest,—
The school could do without me, fine,
Ensconced in some sequestered nook
That bordered where the waters sped,
I did not study from a book
But studied fishing lines instead.

O, I learned a lot in my school day
The back hand stroke and sailor style,
Just how to dive the bull-frog way,
To tread a bit, then float a while,
But I don't tell my boy the sum
Of what I learned at district school,
Alas! I say I took the plum
For being studious to the rule.





WHAT I LEARNED AT SCHOOL

HOOK WORM

Oh! I'm not lazy, not at all
Among the daisies I jest fall
To rest my weary frame;
Jest a feelin' o'er me a stealin'
Has lately came,—
No—I'm not workin', kinder shirkin'—
Aint that a shame?

No-o I don't suffer, 'taint like that
Jest feel tougher lying flat,
Don't feel like movin'
Don't worry 'bout, cause I laid out
As I'm improvin',
Jest let me lay, where breezes play
As they're so soothin'.

Caint do much talkin', thoughts o' walkin'
Jest make me shiver,
No, I aint blue, 'tween me and you
Guess it's my liver,
But I'm alright, my mind is bright
Jest move my head,—there! that's alright
Now I can lie right here 'til night
And listen to the river.



TO BE AT PEACE

Give vision to my eye to see the path

That leads to realms of sweet and quiet peace,
And all the glory that Dame Fortune hath

Could not induce my weary feet to cease
Their dogged tread with tireless energy
Along the path if it could I but see.

Tortuous though the way, and broken by,

The rocks of toil, by Virtue's hands bestrewn
That sluggards with unwonted ease who try
Will find that they have sought the path too soon,
And yet I will attend, though trials increase
If but I know the path that leads to peace.

Ah! to be at peace, to thyself be true,

Transfixed with quiet strength, in calm accord
With elements that build to filter through
To drive away the self debasing horde,
To be thy soul's own man unmoved by cries
Of red lipped siren sin that sings but lies.



I KNOW EVERYTHING

I know a pudgy, wudgy nose
And two big dancing eyes,
Within their depths nobody knows
'Cept me what mischief lies.

I know a smiley pair of lips
And touseled, wouseled hair,
A little dimpled hand that slips
In mine to nestle there.

I know some fatty, patty cheeks
That hold the pinkest rose,
And when undressed for bed, there peeks
The same tint in her toes.

I know a little bear behind
But I'm not scared a bit,
It doesn't even seem to mind
When I have paddled it.

I know I'm happy as I can be
When I feel arms that cling,
And then it almost 'pears to me
That I know everything.

MAMMY'S LULLABY

Close does eyes, kinky head
 Go ter sleep on mubber's breas'
 Yo' sweet lids am jest lak lead
 Shet 'm tight in peaceful res'.

Yo' caint neber smile no more
 'Til yo's hab er pleasant dream,
 Des yo' go ter dreamland shore
 Whal I finish dis yere seam.

One eye's open little sinnah
 Des yo' close dat peep-o-day,
 Yo' am drowsy sence yo' dinnah
 Mischief, des yo' dream away.

Mubber loves to feel de thrill
 Ob her precious 'gin her breas',
 Now des lay dar pigeon 'til
 Yo' has hab yo' dream and res'.

Bless his heart, de lamb's asleep
 Cuddled on his mudder's ahm,
 Please O, Lord, ah prays ter keep
 Mah baby allus safe from hahm.



HI, THERE!

Hi, There! pretty butter-cup
I will stoop to pick you up
You will be so close to me
I can better speak to thee,
Yesterday, I passed you by,
You did not even catch my eye
But then she had not answered yes
While now I'm filled with happiness.

Hi, There! pert and saucy jay,
How are you this lovely day?
No, I did not speak to you
Yesterday—I was so blue,
Hi, There! pretty turtle dove,
I know something too 'bout love
Coo away with your sweet mate
You must know 'bout love and fate.

Hi, There! daisy, come with me
We will make a jolly three,
Butter-cup and thee and I
All have twinkles in our eye
And just think but yesterday
I passed you in my sullen way,
Now I give thee just one guess
Do you think she answered yes?

Hi, There! stately poplar trees
 Waving silver in the breeze,
Hi, There! smiling sky so blue
 I can smile the same as you,
Hi, There! breeze a floating 'round
 With the fragrance you have found,
Hi, There! air, I breathe so rare,
 Hi, There! everything, hi! there.

TO THYSELF BE TRUE

If thee to thyself would be true
 The outward fling that comes to sue
Thee for thy peaceful state of mind
 Would turn to praise and trail behind.

THE CROSS

People who think that this life was intended
 To transmit sorrow and joy equally blended
That with their blessings, hoped a goodly share
 The Lord imposed suffering, a cross to bear,
Hold poor opinions indeed of the Lord,
 Who long ago deemed that His special accord.

TIME DOES NOT CHANGE

Time does not change but oft' recurs
The eye of Nature dims but never blurs,
Time does not change, only man
Struggles and frets an instant's span.

WHO PLEASES US

O, little bird that sings
So sweetly from the leafy swings
Moved by gentle breezes,
Thee do not know how well thee please us;
Thee sings because of inner bliss
Unmindful of thy notes that kiss
Our ears with tones divine,
And as thee sings from twig and vine
While swaying in the breezes
It must be God, who tries to please us.

HE WHO IS GREAT

He who is great is oft' unsung
And moves obscurely on his way,
Unheralded by a noisy tongue
That causes vulgar minds to sway,
But yet each day he toes the line
And head to head with silent foe
He battles bravely 'til supine
The enemy is stricken low.

NO APOLOGY

No man need apologize for living
Whose mind is free to keep the heart forgiving
To the source unknown, which gives a wholesome share
To some, while others grow upon a soil so bare
That God smiles on the chap for just believing.



THE FISHERMEN

Peter, Nathaneal and Thomas and the sons of Zebedee,
Many, many years ago
As the bible tells us so,
At even-tide as chill winds blow
Went fishing on the Galilee.

Hour after hour they toiled with their net
'Til the black waves lie
'Gainst a frowning sky,
While star after star went out on high
And the night grew black as jet.

Not a fish these weary fishermen caught,
And their hopes sank low
As over the bow
Rose the dripping net, then sank below
With their efforts all for naught.

At length the bleak night changed to dawn
And there on the land,
This hopeless band
Saw a watching figure, point His hand
Abaft, where the net should then be drawn.

Men are still fishing on life's Galilee
For all that is real
That will comfort and heal,
Which on the dawn the Christ will reveal
As to Peter, Nathaneal and Thomas and the sons of Zebedee.

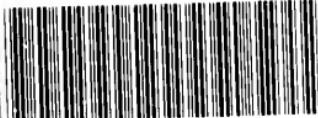
And though black is the night and stormy the sea,
The net must be cast
'Til all hopes have passed
And then in the dawn will we see Him at last
On the shore of life's Galilee.



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